

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O, little hands, that, weak or strong, Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask,
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts, that throb and beat With such impatient, feverish heat, uch limitless and strong desires; Mine that so long has glowed and burned With passion into ashes turned,

Now covers and conceals its fires.

week set sail for South Africa.

tunities ceased.

The loss of her only son was a source

relent and as time rolled on her impor-

Having dressed himself to his satis-

Suddenly his progress was checked

by the sight of a wide-open door. What

tempting fiend could have left the door

of Miss Ansom's room so invitingly

open, displaying, as it did, the very

drawer on which Mr. Mansfield had

never even set eyes, in which the

much discussed photograph was sup-

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well

knew, struck her husband's weak spot

"It would be the work of a moment,

he reflected, "to take just one glance

into that drawer to satisfy himself of

With a cautious look round, he noise-

lessly entered the room, partially clos-

the drawer boldly, and-yes, there it

It was, as his wife had stated, one

of the few he had had taken about

A light step on the stairs and a

sweet voice humming the refrain of a

song, heralded the approach of Miss

What was to be done? Could he al-

low her to find him in her room, pry-

ing about like a curious housemaid?

He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of

Pimperne! There was only one thing

Miss Ansom entered and closed the

hear her moving about the room, still

"She is taking off her hat and jack-

ct." he thought. "In a few minutes

she will leave the room. Then I can

Everything, no doubt, would have

happened just as he wished, had Tiny

-Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug-not

The spirit of investigation was

strong in Tiny. In the course of his

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's

ing the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's

very red face and a very ruffled ap-

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Ansom,

looked dangerously like shricking.

"Er-my unexpected appearance fills

"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in

"Er-I must, of course, explain, and

humbly apologize for my despicable

you with amazement, no doubt."

tones of incredulous astonishment.

explain his presence in her room.

"You see, I have photographs of

other members of the family as well."

joyful recognition with silent curses,

slip out unobserved."

Horror! Somebody was coming.

when she mentioned curiosity.

the truth of Jane's story.

was-his own photograph.

two years ago.

Ansom herself!

to be done.

of delight.

pearance.

conduct!"

hands, saying:

his wife and son.

Ansom?

on her face.

faction, Mr. Mansfield left the room,

O, little souls, as pure and white And crystalline as rays of light, Direct from heaven their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!
—Longfellow.

HAVE made a discovery, | chose the latter course, and within John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting. John Mansfield, retired

merchant, Alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper. "A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best magisterial manner. "Pray what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?"

"I find that Miss Ansom has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures in secret.'

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Ansom's room and found her absorbed in the posed to lie? contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance startled her, and, as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up, flung it into the drawer and closed it, but not before I had recognized it as your photograph. I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to ing the door behind him. He opened have an explanation from you." Mr. Mansfield was the picture of

helpless amazement. Miss Ansom, it must be explained. was a bright and charming young lady, whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently en-

gaged as a companion. "I am quite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to

her by a mutual friend." "Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield, grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not it was she 'gloated' over, not the photograph." "I am not sure which it was," said singing lightly to herself. Mrs. Mansfield, with strained calm-

Now that the first shock of amazement was over. Mr. Mansfield's pomp-

osity returned rapidly. "Ah, very possible, my dear, Miss 'Ansom, whom I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discern- followed Miss Ansom into the room. ment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss present explorations he naturally Ansom has nad every opportunity of looked under the bed. He immediately studying my work for the past three sent up an car splitting series of months, and also the general course barks and yelps, at the same time of municipal life in what, I think, may dancing about with every canine token be regarded as a noble borough. What more natural, then, that this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gentleman clad in the robes and insignia and, hearing Miss Ansom's expressions of the office of the chief magistrate of of surprise, and that she was approachthis borough, displayed in the photographer's window, and, recognizing in excitement he slowly emerged with a

chase that photograph?" Mrs. Mansfield listened with immovable features.

that gentleman myself, should pur-

"A very good explanation," she commented, "if it had been one of your official photographs. But the one in Miss Ansom's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected Mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question ishow did Miss Ansom obtain one? I did not give it to her?"

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an instant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceived me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer. Miss Ansom has had no opportunity of removing it, for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried lowered eyelids and a pretty flush the Magistrate, rising. "You forget

yourself, madam!" Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high

traordinary on his part.

field found to her cost.

where he was visiting.

magnate.

"Yes," she whispered. "But I-I don't understand! I was dudgeon to make some alteration in not aware that you had ever met him! his dress preparatory to going out. He is in South Africa." He was forced to acknowledge him-"It was for my sake he went there, self quite at a loss to account for that

duties. But an exhibition of these

qualities was not confined to the bench.

display in his home, as Mrs. Mans-

It was only twelve months ago that

Mr. Mansfield had determined that

his son should marry rank and beauty

in the person of a daughter of a local

But handsome Jack Mansfield elect-

ed to manage his own matrimonial

affairs, and upset all his father's brill-

iant plans by falling in love with a

pretty nobody, a governess in a house

Finding all arguments, persuasions

and commands alike useless, Mr. Mans-

only son, Jack, to South Africa.

she replied softly. photo being in Miss Ansom's posses-There was silence for a few minusion, which admission was rather ex-He prided himself on his keen in-

"Then you are the young-er-lady whom my son wished to marry in sight, his strict impartiality and his opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. firmness in discnarging his magisterial

"Jack!" he cried. "My son?"

Mansfield severely. "Yes." she murmured. Of the latter he had made a lavish next few minutes. After all he liked Miss Ansom immensely; and if he course leave the house, and perhaps bis unbending will had driven their

might be mentioned, and-yes, he would be merciful. "Well, Miss Ansom, I need hardly say that your story astonished me beyond measure. But I will not disguise from you the fact that during the time you have been with us you bie men of humble origin, was not

have won my highest esteem and, in ashamed of proclaiming the fact. On fact, I regard you with feelings of one occasion he jocularly said to his paternal affection. We must write to students in the logic class: "Gentlethat young scamp and have him home. men, my wife may be connected with

Meanwhile-" With a cry of joy Miss Ansom flung fall in with his wishes or leave his her arms around his neck and im- Had he said "thinkers" the class might home forever and look for no fur. printed a kiss on his nose, ther assistance from himself, Jack | At that moment the door opened and | than it did.

Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshhold, with hands uplifted in horror, She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision had she been waiting, with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Ansom!" she gasped. Mr. Mansfield looked frightened. "My dear," he cried nervously, "I am going to write and tell Jack to come home. This young lady has promised to be his wife. She is, in fact, the lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears and rapturously embraced Miss Ansom, assuring her of undying affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to to slip away, congratulating himself upon the success with which he had extricated himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home

again. But perhaps if he had learned what passed between his wife and future daughter-in-law when they heard the door close behind him he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

"Dear, darling Mrs. Mansfield!" cried Miss Ansom, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh. "How good of you to have me here as your companion, of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches and then to devise this clever plot! why, it was quite a drama!" could not prevail on her husband to

"In which you played your part very well, my dear!" replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.-Baltimore World.

Wonderful Sense of Smell,

How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking? Yet matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by the finest balance. A cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than 489,000,000 dust particles. A drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about a million of red flattened corpuscles. Still, though matter is marvelously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensi-

Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerve so that they may discriminate with such apparent miraculous accuracy; yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how marvelously fine is their discriminating power. Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell. Much we have gained by civilization; but not without some loss to something she hid in the drawer which door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is in the inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably. The faithful dog puts him to shame.—London Mail.

Pigmies in Europe.

A German scientist asserts that pigmy races have existed in Europe, This conclusion is arrived at from the examination of numerous skeletons which have been found in the region of Breslau, in Silesia. Their height is considerably below the ordinary average, being about four feet nine inches, which represents the mean figure for a whole group of skeletous. Similar remains have been found in other parts of Europe not far from the above region; thus Kollman, of Bale, describes the remains of pigmies which have been found in Switzerland. In this case the average height reached as low as four feet six inches. Gutman has also described the pigmy remains beg," he cried, seeing that the lady which were found in lower Alsace, near Colmar. These are still smaller, and the height of many of the specimens is but four feet. The pigmies of Silesia appear to have been contemporaries of the Romans and slave races and to have existed until the year 1000 A. D. At present no specimens are to be found in Europe.

His worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite de-Wood's Despatches. void of their flowery trimmings, to Sir Evelyn Wood is distinguished by wiliness in which he has very few Greatly to his relief, she did not look equals. He gave a specimen of this very angry when he had finished. during the operations following the In-She said nothing at first, but, opendian Mutiny. He volunteered to carry ing the fatal drawer, produced somedispatches through the enemy's counwhere from its depths two more try, and disguised himself as an itinphotographs, which she put into his erant merchant, being fairly familiar with Hindustani. Traveling by night and day, he got too close to a rebel camp, and was arrested and detained. Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in After being somewhat carelessly exastonishment. They were pictures of amined he was allowed to spend the night in a tent. As he expected, during "Why, who gave you these, Miss the darkness some natives crawled under the canvas and stealthily searched "Jack," she replied simply, with his saddle-bags and wallets, but found nothing except sundry light articles of commerce, the dispatches having been taken by Wood from a slit in his turban and buried underneath the spot where he slept. Next morning he was permitted to go, and reached the British camp in safety.-Men and Women.

Motor Exhibit in Peru.

An exhibition of alcohol motors, amps and other appliances will soon be opened at Lima, Peru. It is believed that such machinery and appliances will meet with success in those parts of the country where alcohol can be obtained at a cheap rate. Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the There is a fairly large output in Peru of alcohol as by-product of the sugar industry. The cost of the alcohol on still proved obstinate, she would, of the estates is about twenty cents per gallon. The Peruvian government also this morning's ridiculous adventure propose to apply to Congress for the abolition and reduction of dues on alcohol intended to be used as fuel.

The Late Professor Bain.

The late Emeritus Professor Bain, of Aberdeen University, like many notathe Thanes of Cawdor, but I am descended from the tinkers of Braemar."

## What Women Like in Men

By Lilian Bell



HAT quality do women like best in a man? is a question often discussed. Occasionally one finds women who are all for braininess, and doubtless there are a few who really like intellect in a man; but for the majority it would be thrown out quickly enough in a pinch. There are others, and these are mostly men, who say that a woman likes the artistic temperament; and the instances of women who make gods of

musicians, of painters and of players, give some color to the allegation. But we believe it is a surface-liking rather than anything deep-seated. You may run over the various qualities which belong to the poor male sex, and you will find some women liking one of these all the kind and many liking each of them at different times. But when all is said you will find that the one great quality which women demand of men is courage. This is the thing which is chiefly supposed to mark off men as a sex. This is the thing which is supposed to keep them always at the front. We do not deny courage to women-a great many of them have it-but we expect more of it from a man; and women, at least, seldom pardon its absence. It is probable that as a survival of a more truculent age the sort of courage a woman most demands is physical. And here she is not altogether wrong; but with new methods of living have come new ideals, and it would be worth while if women were to set high stakes in the matter of moral courage for the sex over which they have so much influence. It will be well if they demand that a man shall always be true enough to live up to his best ideals-that he do not prostitute himself for money or for place. They should not think it enough if he refuse to run from an enemy, but should require also that he do not shirk his duties as a citizen, and that he be ready to sacrifice himself or some of the profits of his business for a good cause in the community. Fear does not show itself so openly nowadays as it once did. It lurks in quiet corners, it goes in strange disguises. None the less it is fear; none the less men should be ashamed of its company, and women should applaud the courage which at any time refuses to associate with it.-Harper's Bazar.

## Why Not Professional

By Tudor Jenks

Jurors?

HE ordinary suggestion of a substitute comprehends the abolishment of the lay jury, and the establishment of a tribunal of judges to decide upon both law and facts. Possibly it would be wiser to keep the two separate, and to arrange for two tribunals, one to take jurisdiction of issues of the facts, the other to apply the law-as at present; but to put in place of the jury of laymen, a jury made up of men trained to decide matters of fact and evidence, just as

legal judges are now educated to decide questions purely of law, What is there revolutionary in such a proposal? Is it not in line with all modern progress? We have long passed the days when every man was a jack of all trades. The decision of controversies upon weight of evidence, and the nice estimation of theories, is expert work and should be done by those educated, trained and experienced in such matters. After all, lawyers, in order to present their clients' cases to juries, are trained in precisely this ability. They learn to sift evidence, to estimate credibility, to decide upon the relative probability of opposing accounts; they, in short, are trained jurymen, and need only the law's sanction to perform the functions now blunderingly botched by the haphazard laymen.

For this work they should be adequately paid. In their work, they should be assured of the same respect and submission now exacted by the bench. They should be able to settle issues, and, when settled, to decide them. The equity courts have long performed such offices, and have proved the possibility and desirability of the change. The professional jurors would take to the consideration of issues of fact the probity of their characters, instead of the ignorance that characterizes the ideal lay reader. They could be allowed to go home and visit their families with the same reliance upon their honor that now forbids any espionage or restriction of the judge upon the bench. There might be corrupt jurors; as there are corrupt judges; but the rarity of soiled ermine would be just as great.

Legislatures are the most powerful bodies in the world; and the legislatures rule themselves. If a president of the United States should be impeached, we do not require that a jury to try him shall be drawn by lot from though it is the harder. Very few of the citizens of the republic. And yet, if the jury system be the ideal, why should it not be invoked in these, the most important cases that can arise then only with the consent of the client under our Government?

In brief, my proposal is this: Let there be a professional jury bench, made up of men learned in those branches of legal lore and civil and criminal codes that teach the correct determination of issues of fact. Let the lay jury be abolished, and all issues of fact be made triable before a bench that shall determine these, and these alone. Such a change would be no more than the specialization and division of labor that insures skilful and just sifting of facts, and it requires only the utilization of the surplus legal talent available in all civilied lands.

The modern jury is a survival, in a corrupt form, of what was once a useful means of justice. Modern ideals demand its reformation, and its return to somthing that will accomplish for us what the old jury system did for our

forefathers.-Munsey's Magazine.

## The Mission of Woman in the Twentieth Century

By Jessie Ackermann



HEN the nineteenth century glided silently into the great vista of the past the spirit of prophecy seemed to fall upon the average individual, and with one accord a forecast of the new century was buried at the head of a defenseless public,

Progress in all forms was painted with so much high light as to leave no canvas for either clouds or shadows. All the unknown regions of science were exploited in imagination, and every phase of life expanded to its utmost measure, until the last and least "seer" was fully satisfied with his

In this generalization and hasty summing-up little has been said about the progress of man himself-man as aside from woman.

Man (and "with all his faults we love him still") is, after all, only half civilized, and there is no doubt that every condition of the last century has

made him more selfish and more self-centered.

It would be difficult to find one who would not unhesitatingly take his place at the helm of the universe, and with an assurance that well becomes his splendid bearing (for he is a splendid creature) try to guide all worlds through space on a modern plan of his own invention. Magnificently poised upon the unbalanced rock of self stands this nineteenth-century evolution. He looks so grand that one is apt to become awe-inspired at his daring attempts, and it seems a pity to disturb his self-satisfied condition; but hear, O man! woman has a mission, and you-helpless creature-you are to be the victim of her operations. You must be civilized! The unconsciously cultivated selfishness must be eradicated, and nothing but the skill and cunning of woman's hand can accomplish a task so stupendous and yet so fascinating.

"How can it be done?" you may well ask. In days past it was thought that there was but one weapon of successful warfare upon the frailties of the sterner sex. This sentiment is now carefully wrapped in the oil and spices of sweet memory, and hangs in the archives of a buried century. This sword of victory-a woman's love-was the theme of all nations. Poets in turn raved and sung of it; men (they were less ambitious then) died-yes, really died for it. All conditions met in common camp to tell of woman's love; but alas! "Time and Change!"

In the final analysis under the light of a new century the verdict has gone forth that woman's love has failed to fully civilize man. Some loving, tender, of fabrics. If a silk or satin be chosen, clinging wife lifts her voice against the unholy decree; but it is useless, for it is the verdict of the Court of Public Opinion.

Woman, with her quick instinct and ready wit, recognized the fact that something must be done, and twenty-five years ago she entered the woman's club, which became the training-school for her mission in the new century. If made in either the tucked or shirred the clubs have accomplished nothing more, they have aroused woman to the fact that man must be civilized and husbands must be trained; they have taught her how and where to begin, and her duty is now clearly before her.

There is no doubt but the study of child-culture has completely overturned the old ideas of home education in reference to the boy and girl. The beginning of the fully civilizing process will take place at the hearthstone and at the mother's knee, where the same ideals will be set up for the boy and girl alike, and the same standard of purity will be raised for the entire household. The principles of a new chivalry that will obliterate, or at least subdue, self will permeate the life, heart and mind of the boy. Thus husbands will be traired not by wives, but by mothers.-Woman's Home Companion.

Nev. Literature of Advertising.

The modern advertisement is worth looking at, whether it is the sounding proclamation of some big corporation, with facts and figures both weighty and impressive, or the light eye-catching notice of some simple trade or contrivance. All forms of literary composition find place in the advertising pages; history, story, verse. Many advertisements measure up to the test of good literature. In truth there is often an uncommon amount of character in them. A word here or a partue every \$500.

there is often singularly vivid as "local color," and behind many an advertisement it is possible to see a vigorous personality. Nor are there lacking in this new literature qualities of humor, both intentional and unintentional. One generation writes an epic, another an advertisement; and who shall say that one manifestation is not as important as the other?-George Hibbard, in the Booklover's Magazine.

Appendicitis insurance policies are



A CLEVER CRAFTSWOMAN.

et. .. /11 the edited by M. L.

Mrs. Edith A. Dick, of London, Designs

Unique and Artistic Jewelry. That royalty in England looks with favor on the feminine invasion of many from the fact that King Edward ma-Mrs. Edith A. Dick, a London woman, who has taken up the making of jewelry on a purely artistic basis. The pretty home at No. 77 Ladbroke road, Notting Hill Gate, London, where Mrs. Dick performs her duties as hostess, gives no hint of having in its precincts a jeweler's beach and furnace. Yet here is the place where Mrs. Dick practices her art. Upstairs is her big workroom, which, in spite of the use to which it is put, is very attractive and shows the hand of the mistress in every small furnishing, however practical. Here are made the beautiful ornaments in gold, silver and enameled work, bejeweled with rare stones and fashioned into odd designs, which so caught the fancy of the King. At a recent exhibition of the "Arts

and Crafts" in London Mrs. Dick displayed a curiously wrought and very artistic pendant, which attracted widedesign attractive, but the evidences of and every garment well cut, clever and careful work made the ornament doubly so. King Edward, whose love for the artistic makes him fall a ready victim to the beauty of an object of real art, heard reports of this wonderfully fashioned pendant, and determined to see it. When he did, he was so pleased with the pretty bauble that he desired to meet the fair designer, whom he immediately asked to fashion some jewelry for himself. Since then Mrs. Dick has been giving much of her time to executing his Majesty's orders.

Mrs. Dick does not care to be called a jeweler, but a "craftswoman." She is trying to revive the old-time jeweler's art, when every man was a craftsman or artist, not an artisan, and when they did not turn out by the thousands pieces or ornaments that had not the slightest claim to individuality, and moreover, represent some commonplace object of everyday use, such as a cricket bat or a tennis racquet.

A short time ago Lord Battersea, who is one of London's most noted patrons of art, held an exhibition at his house, and Mrs. Dick had several ornaments, pendants, chatelaines and the like, beside the case of enamels that she had exhibited at the "Arts and Crafts." On this occasion she received a diploma.

The enameling she finds more engrossing than the goldsmith work, her pieces of work are duplicated, and who has the original, and that is rarely given.

Perfumes "Fit For a Queen."

Perfumes, salves and unguents have been among the special luxuries of the rich woman from the time of Jezebel, doubt originated in the use of oil by both men and women as a protection against the sun when people went about in nature's garb. No self-respecting woman with any claim to fashion would nowadays be without her special soap and cream, and those who do not care for perfume usually have a sweat or aromatic essence for use in the bath.

many ways by no means an extrava- year. gant woman, is said to spend \$10,000 a year on toilet accessories. Violet is her favorite perfume as regards per sonal use, but she likes to have her apartments vaporized with the essence of such flowers as lilac, jasmine, narcissus, and tuberose. Her toilet water is perfumed with freshly gathered violets, and bunches of these are laid among her linen, and renewed twice a day. Queen Christina of Spain is particularly fond of a certain orchid which is found only in the Philappines, but since the Spanish-American War she has discarded this costly perfume and has used peau d'Espagne.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, who is justly proud of her clear, unwrinkled complexion, which is charming with her white bair, attributes the softness of her skin to the use of a lotion made from certain flowers grown in an unknown wood, and collected by women sworn to secrecy. This is a pretty story, but savors somewhat of witches, charms, and simples of olden times, and bears with it a flavor of mystery hardly in keeping with the present day; and in all probability Carmen Sylva's face wash, if not made in the drug laboratories of Germany, is made in those of Paris,

Fashions For Brides. There was a time when there were

but two materials that were considered suitable for the wedding gown, namely, silk and satin. But to-day the bridal dress may be selected from a variety it must be of the handsomest, but a lace gown is still more attractive, while one of chiffon or Liberty gauze is daintiest of all. When the last are styles they are fascinating and very little trimming is required. Even the inexpensive India silks, in the ivory tint, are used with charming results. The sea-foam taffetas, too, may be used, but would be more attractive as a foundation for the fine sheer woolens -veiling and voile-that are so favored. The long, unbroken lines of the princess mode make it a favorite for heavy satin or silk, and fortunately the design for the front of the waist is not so severe as formerly. Lace may be draped in surplice folds or arranged in short bolero form, and forms of the material are sometimes used to soften the rather severe lines. Perhaps the best liked soutache braid, are two bands of the material is crepe de Chine; it falls in such graceful lines and is suggestive of the most artistic possibilities. The question of veils is an important one, and many prefer the simple, unadorned tulle veils to those of costly lace; cer- dren's clothing, and a coat for a little tainly the tulle vell is the most becoming. White silk stockings and white wool, with black tufts set here and issued in England at \$1.25 a year for patin, kid or lace slippers are worn these to represent ermine. There is a with the white wedding gown, and bonnet of the material to match,

white suede gloves, preferably with the mousquetaire wrist, are the correct hand covering .- The Delineator.

Hints For Middle Age. Never let a hard fabric encircle the face; chiffon and tulle will make you look years younger. If you wear stole or boa do not let it be a white one-at all events, let its lightness be toned down with tufts of black. Some lovely ones now worn have a covering of Irish lace with a band of hand painted satin down the centre. Choose dark colurs, of the industries of to-day is evident but not always. When you do relieve them with lighter never let the collars terially encourages the enterprise of of your dresses make a hard line around the throat. Our grandmothers knew what they were about when they had those soft, charming squares of net or muslin, which they put on before their bodices and let their soft folds assert themselves. Many a too pronounced double chin is due to the collar band being too tight. Middle aged people may look perfectly charming till they drift into the grace and charm of old age, but they must take plenty of pains. They can hardly take too much. It is very easy to look well in youth, when anything and everything is suitable, says the Queen. Be careful in your choice of color; few people look well in any shade. The new Burgundy is so becoming to the dark beauties and hopeless to many of medium tint. When it suits it is peculiarly the line for the middle aged. It looks well in voile, in tulle, in soft. clinging satin; abjure it in straw. It spread attention. It was distinctly in is most imperative to be soigne in mida class by itself, and not only was the dle life, well stayed, well petticoated.

The Bride's Traveling Bag.

For the bride, one of the very nicest gifts is a smart and useful dressing case or fitted traveling bag. One in dark blue leather has ivory and silver fittings. It costs \$50, but it can cost \$500, if you insist. Dressing cases for brides have been known to cost \$5000. but these, of course, were specially ordered, and for very favored mortals.

A large, flat, green morocco case is lined with white, and has toilet articles in silver gilt in Louis XVI, pattern. Most of these handsome fitted bags are far too heavy for a woman to carry, but of course a bride is never called on to do so strenuous a thing, and it is safe to assume that most people who travel with such expensive, pharaphernalia are usually accompanied by a strong armed servant, whether she be on a wedding tour or not. The lighter bags weigh two and a half and three pounds. They are on aluminum frames, and the leather is of the lighter grades-pigskin, snakeskin, morocco.

The newest dressing case is designed specially for the automobilist. It is very flat, and has besides all the fittings for ordinary travelers, many articles specially useful to the chauffeur and chauffeuse. The lightest material for bag fillings is tortoise shell, and sometimes light gilt appliques ornament the shell. Blond tortoise shell in a purple lined morocco bag is quite lazzling in effect.

Our Working Women.

The largest number of women employes in any line of work are in the United States Postoffice Department. who, we are told, painted her face, to More than one-third of them are past the present day. Precious cintments middle age and some are past seventy. figure largely in eastern story, and no They fill all kinds of positions, even many of the rural free delivery routes. being filled by them.

To Teach Dressmaking in University. A department of dressmaking has been established at Ruskin University. in Glen Ellyn, Ill., and the new chair has been tendered to Mrs. Olga Goldzier, of Chicago, who was awarded the gold medal by the International The Empress of Russia, although in Exhibition of Fashions in Vienna lest



Frills are not confined to lingerie. Elbow sleeves must be finished by a Some dress skirts are but gigantic

uffles. The bolero is often but a section of flouncing. Knee-depth ruffles often rejoice in

hirred tops. Rings of shirred velvet are applied to one lace robe. Lace cascades are the great chic for

Louis XIV, coat suits. Embroidered panne is lovely as a facing for a fine fur coat.

deftly managed or it is hopeless. Dingle-dangles are by no means relegated to garrets and ash barrels. Angel sleeves in all manner of varia-

For inlaying in fur lace must be

tions are an evening dress feature. Large lace collars are almost the craze here that they are in Paris.

Airy-fairy effects generally are the thing for house and evening dress, A furrier has gained quite an effect

by trimming mole with ermine tails. Wisps of tulle or fine lace are enough in the way of sleeves for a dancing dress.

A handsome quality of mohair is used for the most admirable of shirt waist suits. Lace is rivaled by rose quillings for

edging and trimming chiffons and frills generally. Coats vary from big, bulgy creations

to smart, slender promenade models with snug coat sleeves.

Well-made coque pompons are among the prettiest of trimmings for hats to be worn with tailored rigs.

Braids and tassels form pretty finishes, and are as easily added as they are removed when tired of. Embroidery and lace applique are

both used for the inner fronts of some handsome fur coats having double fronts. Simple and more effective than frogs on a white blouse suit, trimmed with

braid, set across the front and carried around the small white pearl shank buttons. Imitation furs are to be seen in chilgirl is made of a long, silky-napped